

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NO. 977

## THE UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

BY MRS. OPIE.

(Concluded)

"So I thought," replied Augusta, to whom the wood was nearly as dear as it was to her husband.

Mr. Medway during this time was walking up and down the room; he then drank a glass of wine, wiped his eyes, and seizing Clermont's hand, exclaimed—

"The wood shall not be cut down: I will advance the money; you shall give me your bond for it, and pay me by instalments."

"Impossible!" replied Clermont; "my estates are so tied up, I cannot give you security."

"The best possible security," he replied, pointing to Augusta—"the integrity, the active virtue of that admirable woman. If she lives, I am sure of being paid; if she dies, and I were to lose the money, I should at least have the satisfaction of knowing I had lost it from an honourable wish of doing homage to the merit of a woman who is an honour to her sex."

Clermont was generous enough to rejoice at this tribute to Augusta's merit, though it was in a manner, at his expense; but Augusta did not enjoy being praised on these terms; nor, though willing to save the wood, did she like to accept so great an obligation from a stranger: besides, she could not help attributing improper motives to Mr. Medway. But Clermont's plans for repaying the money were already formed: one estate was to be sold; but out of what remained he was to lay by so much a year, and live in retirement.

"And then, Augusta, I shall live chiefly at home, and assist you in educating the children," added he.

"A blessed change that would be! and it almost tempts me to do what I think wrong," answered Augusta, "and accept Mr. Medway's offer: but from you, sir, a stranger, I do not like to accept so great a favour."

"I have altered my mind again," cried the strange Mr. Medway; "you shall not sell any estate: your debt is only 16,000*l.*, and I will advance the whole sum, *Zounds!*" cried he, (suppressing a more violent oath, and seizing Augusta's hand, which he pressed to his lips again and again) "I would do any thing to prove my sense of that woman's excellence!"

Augusta was really shocked at the warmth of his expressions; but Clermont saw nothing in them but proofs of Medway's sense of Augusta's merit, and his manner delighted him.—Still, though disposed himself to accept his new friend's generous offer, he dared not, while he saw how reluctant to it Augusta was.

"You do not answer, Mrs. Clermont, my dear dear woman, you don't answer. Will you not let your husband accept my offer?"

"Mr. Clermont must do as he pleases, sir," replied Augusta; "but I must say, that to me

any privations, any trials would be preferable to the cruel and indecent one of owing such vast obligations to a stranger. Till yesterday, sir, we were strangers even to your name and person, and we know nothing more of you to-day. Your offer, liberal as it is—"

"May be, you think, a mere boast, I suppose," interrupted Mr. Medway: "but look here, my sweet soul, look here!"

So saying, he took out his pocket book, and displayed notes and checks to the amount of 20,000*l.*

"I do not doubt your riches, sir," continued Augusta, "I only doubt the propriety of our benefiting by them. I may be proud, but I must own that I would welcome poverty rather than be bound in such a heavy chain of pecuniary obligation even by a friend; and you, sir, are a stranger. Pardon me, sir, but I do not know what your motives may be, nor can the world know; disinterested generosity is so rare a thing, that few believe in its existence; and who knows but that Mr. Clermont, if he keeps your bounty, might have to lament the loss of his wife's reputation as well as his fortune! Sir," continued Augusta, blushing, "I dare not say more. I could not bear to say less; but if, after this, Mr. Clermont can accept your offer, I shall endeavour to submit to the trial with resignation."

"Admirable! admirable! by ——." Here Mr. Medway muttered an oath, and danced about the room.

"Say no more, Augusta, (said Clermont) say no more; ever wise and prudent, you have a right to have your slightest wish attended to, and I submit myself to your guidance."

"You must alter your determination, sir, I can tell you," exclaimed Mr. Medway, "and accept my offer, or you and I can meet no more. So madam, because I am a stranger, and would willingly save you and your careless husband from ruin, you must be bold enough to suppose that I may have taken a fancy to your pretty face, or that the world may suspect it! *Oddsmy life, madam!* do I look like a gay deceiver? do I look like a seducer of married women, and a disturber of the peace of families? Answer me that!"

At this appeal, Clermont, though very angry, was forced to turn away to avoid laughing: for Mr. Medway was nearer sixty than fifty, was short and thick in his person, had a wide flat face, an olive complexion, a nose covered with snuff, and wore a flaxen Brutus wig, which was always a little on one side. Even Augusta could scarcely retain her gravity when called upon to answer this question: but recovering her dignity she answered, with a sarcastic smile but downcast eye, that she did not allude to his power of doing ill, she only mentioned the possibility of his having the inclination.

"Saucy! monstrous saucy, that I!" exclaimed Mr. Medway, strutting across the room and back again: "still, I must own that my vanity is so flattered at your supposing it possible for me to injure your character, that I forgive your impertinence, and all the reparation I ask for it is a kiss."

Even Clermont was angry at this request; and Augusta proudly repulsed the audacious stranger as he familiarly approached her.

"Very well, very well, (cried he) you will offer me a kiss some time or other, and then I'll refuse you, that's all."

"He is certainly mad," whispered Augusta, and Clermont thought the same.

"Apropos, (said Mr. Medway) is not one Dick Morley, a swearing, positive, cross old rascal, your uncle?"

"Mr. Morley is my uncle, sir," replied Clermont, reddening with indignation; "but do not suppose that your intended kindness to me can give you a right in my eyes to speak ill of my uncle."

"Zounds! man, he speaks ill enough of you."

"That may be, sir—but, sir, he is my mother's brother, and was once my friend and benefactor; and by my mother's dear memory I swear, that let who will call him rascal, they shall retract, or answer for it to me."

"He is an infernal old rascal for all that," replied Medway.

And Charles, forgetting Augusta was present, was darting forward to strike Mr. Medway, when he saw tears in his eyes, and heard him falter out, as he stretched forth his hand to him, "Oons, Charles! have I not a right to call myself names if I please? I am an old rascal, for believing the cursed people who told lies about that pretty, pale rogue there; and suffering myself to be so long separated from a nephew like you."

I am so surprised! so overpowered I cried Charles—while Augusta, smiling significantly, but pale and trembling from her recent alarm, came up to Mr. Morley to offer the kiss which she had so lately refused.

I told you so, cried he, embracing her; but I have not self-denial enough to fulfil my prophecy completely, and refuse the offered favour."

He then, unsolicited, informed them that his wife had eloped from him, leaving him luckily no children, and that his ward, by her extravagance, had ruined her husband; that these events had awakened in his heart a tender feeling towards his nephew, when he heard that he was greatly involved, and was on the brink of ruin; that happening to see him accidentally, and finding him the picture of his mother, tenderness had completely conquered resentment, and he was determined to step in and save him; but he wished first to form, unknown to both husband and wife, his opinion of the latter, and find out, if possible, whether she was a devil or an angel; that Clermont's indiscreet hospitality had put this opportunity in his power; for who but you, said he, would have thought of inviting to your house a man whom you knew nothing about! I might have been a swindler, for aught you knew."

You did not look like one, sir; and the landlord of the inn where I met you assured me you were a gentleman."

"Well, well; I came, and luckily for you and me too; now I trust that we shall not soon part again. But you cannot imagine the constraint I have been putting on myself in order that I might behave prettily before your ele-

gant wife. I knew I must not swear and hector before her; no, I would as soon have ventured to approach a clean white petticoat in dirty boots; and I vow and protest I have sometimes been nearly choked with the effort of swallowing down an oath; but my dear, no! you know I am your uncle, will you not allow me to swear a little now and then?

No, said Augusta smiling; now I know you to be my uncle, I am the more interested that you should appear to advantage; therefore I cannot give my sanction to your continuance of a custom which may make a pious and well born man appear low bred and impious.

"So! a pretty free-spoken young lady this; but by George—I like you the better! and I feel already so much your slave, that I believe I am capable of sacrificing even my habits to you. But where are the children? my children! I thought once or twice I should have betrayed myself before the time by blubbering over them." Clermont ran to fetch the children and introduce them to their uncle, who received them with the tenderest welcome; then, looking first on the eldest girl and then on the younger, he exclaimed, wiping his eyes and folding the former to his bosom:

"This girl is the image of your mother, Charles, and I shall be too fond of her; but this—why this is the image of your wife, and I declare I know not but I shall on that account love her as well as her sister."

Clermont's eyes glistened at this compliment to Augusta and to the bottom of his soul he enjoyed his own and her triumph over his uncle's prejudices and the malice of his relations.

This is one of the happiest moments in my life, sir, said he, pressing his uncle's hand in his; while Augusta, no less affected, wept with pleasure over the dear girl thus unexpectedly raised from threatening obscurity, into increased affluence; but recovering herself a little, she apologized to Mr. Morley for not having, owing to her ignorance of who he was, treated him with that attentive respect due to her husband's uncle.

My dear niece, replied Mr. Morley, (for he seemed to like to call her by that title) you are one of those happy beings who can never want to apologize to any one; for you have that exquisite sense of propriety that must ever make you pay to all exactly the due portion of attention and respect; had you known me to be your uncle, no doubt you would have given me a warmer welcome; but you were a gentlewoman receiving a gentleman; and a stranger; and before you had spoken ten words to me, I felt my prejudices against you vanish.

"Come, Clermont, give me your hand; you have made a choice for which I thank you, and will make the family thank you, or they shall not call me cousin, I can tell you. And may she teach her children to tread in her paths! for she is indeed the virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies."

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

Wisdom and virtue are two infallible species against all the crosses and accidents of human life.

The first step towards iniquity is difficult to accomplish; the second may be painful; but the third is easy. The ladder that reaches to the abyss becomes gradually more easy as we descend, till, at last, we find pleasure in what at first gave us pain.

He that flatters you, either hates you, or at least, has no esteem for you.

#### MADRIGAL.

Say didst thou sleep or wake, my love,  
When yesternight, by Bacchus fild,  
I clas'd thee, loose and unattir'd;  
And circling all thy heav'n of charms  
With mannerless, unlicenc'd arms,  
Transported into madness, strove  
To paint by many a burning kiss,  
My keen enjoyment of the ravish'd bliss?

Thou didst not speak—scarce stirr'd thy breath,  
Thy twins of sight, those starry peers,  
Lay veil'd within their secret spheres;  
Thy pretty hands no motion made  
To check my lips, how'er they stray'd;  
All senses paus'd, as in a death f  
So fix'd a stillness seem'd to prove  
Thou were unconscious, and didst sleep, my love.

Yet ah! where'er my gaze presum'd,  
Me thought, to curb the lawless eye  
There watch'd a living Modesty  
That pierc'd thy sleek and silken veins  
With red involuntary stains,  
Till all thy form like roses bloom'd!  
So northern lights with shifting glow  
O'erlush reflecting worlds of unstirr'd snow!

Nay, more, as oft I wildly press'd,  
Methought so oft, a tell-tale smile  
In dimples would thy mouth beguile;  
And oft the sob of pleasure stole,  
With faint, fond murmur from the soul—  
Do smiles and sobs betoken rest?  
I doubt—one word can doubt remove—  
Say, prythee, didst thou sleep or wake my love!

The following lines were written by a lady of high rank, and admirable talents, on contemplating her two sons, eagerly engaged in their infantile sports.

SWEET age of blest delusion! blooming boys!  
Ah! revell long in childhood's thoughtless joys,  
With light and pliant spirits, that can stoop  
To follow, sportively, the rolling hoop—  
To watch the sleeping top with gay delight,  
Or mark, with raptur'd gaze, the sailing kite;  
Or, eagerly pursuing pleasure's call,  
Can find it center'd in the bounding ball!  
Alas! the day will come, when spots like these  
Must lose their magic, and their power to please;  
Too swiftly fled, the rosy hours of youth,  
Shalt yield their fairy charms to mournful truth—  
Even now, a mother's fond prophetic fear  
Sees the dark train of human ills appear;  
Views various fortune for each lovely child,  
Storms for the bold, and anguish for the mild;  
Beholds already, those expressive eyes,  
Beam a sad certainty of future sighs;  
And dreads each suffering those dear breasts may  
know,

In their long passage through a world of woe;  
Perchance predestin'd every pang to prove,  
That treacherous friends inflit, or faithless love;  
For, ah! how few have found existence sweet,  
Where grief is sure, but happiness deceit.

#### A PRODIGY INDEED.

To Cato once a frightened Roman flew,  
The night before a rat had gnaw'd his shoe,  
Terrible omen by the gods decreed?  
Cheer up my friend, (sa'd Cato) mind not that,  
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnaw'd the rat,  
It would have been a prodigy indeed!

#### PIGRAM----TRANSMUTATION.

Such a liar as George, I never came nigh,  
Put truth in his mouth, and 't will come out a lie.

#### PYRANDAR.

##### A FRAGMENT.

PYRANDAR, a swain of the east, returning from a visit paid to Miss L——, lost his road in a grove through which he had to pass, belonging to Sir Charles L——. The night was serene and clear, and a harmonious concert was held by the sweet chantings of the nightingale; but at his entrance into the grove bright Cynthia sunk beneath a cloud of the darkest hue, and all the stars became overpowered and invisible, from whence proceeded a heavy shower of rain, accompanied by loud peals of thunder; the lightning at the same time seemed to blaze with unquenchable rage. The sweet enchanter of the wood was now hushed into silence, and all the trees began to shake their tender boughs with such fury that Aelous might well be said to be passing over their happy stalks or stems. This scene of horror terrified him so much as to deprive him of his natural reason.

When he had recovered a little, being now in a strange place, and his clothes being steeped with the late rain, he laid himself down under a large tree, not being able to discover the path he had to go, or the road he had so lately come.

Being overwhelmed with cold and grief, sleep refused her aid, nor would she in the least suffer him to close his weary eyes; he therefore rose from his leafy couch, and endeavoured to force his way through, but met with strong resentment from tall brambles and other obstructions. At length he perceived a tract of long moss which led him to a square, where nature had displayed her art in decorating it with flowers of all sorts, in the midst of which stood a bower of interwoven jessamine and woodbine, both in full bloom, which he soon entered, and saw, as he thought the beams of the grand luminacy once more dart forth through the trees. But how great was his astonishment when he saw it approach nearer the bower, and on a sudden stop before him in the form of a nymph, holding in one hand a book which seemed to be of pure gold open, and with the other pointing at the words "virtue lost!" She still approached him, and steadfastly gazed upon him—when he in a low accent of voice, demanded who she was, and whether she was going? Know then, said she, I am the demon of the injured Matilda, directed by the all-wise Creator to torment and pronounce judgment and death upon you, O vilest of men! for 'twas you who was the cause of my worldly shame and fatal exit. A cold sweat now ran over his benumbed limbs, he spoke with terror, and on his face was painted fear—horror dwelt upon his countenance. She disappears—when he spoke to the following purpose:—Ah! cursed that am I! what tortures do I now feel! miserable have I ever been since I destroyed the once loveliest of human beings, Ah! infernal Pyrander! he heard uttered in a melancholy tone. The sweat again ran over his stiffened body. O anguish insupportable! my grief is insuperable! my crime is without remedy! I fly—whither fly! He endeavours to raise his head from the cold ground. The spectre again appeared. He hid his face, but could not free his imagination; he once more looked up and saw the lively appearance of Matilda, as when she doated on Pyrander.

—Ah, whither shall I go, said he, that my soul may find rest? No sooner was this sentence uttered, than a loud clap of thunder was heard—the air became more cool, and the clouds more black and dismal—the briny tears flowed in plenty down his wan cheek. Ah, treacherous youth, cried she, fly, fly from my presence; yet I conjure thee to wander in this grove, weary and restless, as a judgment upon thee, until thy breath be stopped, and thy blood run cold. She disappeared. His breath was nearly exhausted, and his blood began to chill; he heaved a deep sigh; his groans were great and many; the pale lamp of heaven began to shine with its usual lustre; but he breathed no more.

#### ANECDOTE.

A Quidnunc once making a vehemently political speech, frequently in the course of it, spoke of his forefathers and their noble deeds. "Four fathers!" exclaimed an Irishman standing by; "faith, but it is extremely fortunate for the gentleman that he has so many fathers to talk about; for my own part I had but one, and he was an honest potato merchant, in the county of Connaught.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 43 persons (of whom 10 were men, 7 women, 15 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of asthma 1, casualty 1, childbed 1, cholera morbus 1, consumption 8, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 1, hectic fever 1, typhus fever 3, infantile flux 2, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 1, insanity 1, mortification of the bowels 1, nervous head ache 1, small pox 1, still born 3, teething 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worms.

**Robbery**—On Tuesday night, the store of Connelly and Brennan, corner of Wall and Front-streets, was robbed by a person who had concealed himself there before the store was shut. It appears that money was the sole object of the thief, as he broke open the desk and two small trunks. In the desk he found 8 or 10 dollars, which he took off. It would be well for our merchants to examine their stores before they are locked up.

*Mer. Adv.*

The best informed circles of the city of Washington, men who undoubtedly derive their impression from executive information, are of opinion that the present discussions with Great Britain will terminate amicably. As soon as the Revenge shall have returned, the President means to communicate to Congress all the documents, (forming a voluminous mass) on the subject.

*Pall. Gaz.*

A number of vessels from European and West India voyages have been lately boarded from a variety of the British ships of war, who have, in almost every instance that we have heard of lately, treated our captains with marked politeness. One of them asked, from whence proceeds this unusual politeness? To which the British officer replied, new orders! One of our captains was told in Jamaica, that they had new orders which enjoined them not to press an American that had a protection; and he adds, that it was observed, that the British officers did not search, nor even enter the American vessels in Jamaica, to look for men as formerly.

*Phil. True Am.*

Mr. Simeon Pomeroy, printer, of Northampton, Massachusetts, has been accidentally killed by the discharge of his gun, while on a hunting party.

## INHUMANITY.

On the 26th July, during a storm, a man with an aged woman, in a chaise, stopped at the house of William Wilson, in Barkhamsted, for shelter. After the rain had subsided, the man said he had left his watch, and must return; and getting into his chaise, he drove off, and has not since been heard of. The account the woman gave of herself was, that her name was Abigail Loomis, and was in her 88th year; that she belonged to Bolton, where she had a husband living; but came from Woodford, in the state of Vermont. She was fast sinking under the infirmities incident to her advanced period of life, and on the 1st of October expired. Her friends can obtain further information on application to Mr. Wilson.

*Cou. Cur.*

EASTON, (Ms.) October 20.

On Saturday morning last, on his return from Caroline county court, Judge Robins was shot through the body by some unknown assassin, about 3 miles from Denton, in company with

Josiah Bayley, Esq. in separate carriages—a gun was discharged containing two balls, one of which passed through next the shoulder blade and came out the left breast; the other ball grazed his ear; from the direction, the person must have advanced into the road to fire, and retreated under cover of a thick wood. With the assistance of Bayley, Judge Robins was able to reach the residence of a gentleman in the neighbourhood with the loss of much blood, where we understand his wound was examined, and flattering hopes entertained of its not being mortal. Circumstantial evidence is strong against a certain—, who some time since made his escape from Worcester county, to avoid the penalty of the law, to the state of Delaware, where it is understood he has changed his name. He some time since wrote a very insulting letter to Judge Robins for his vigilance in having him brought to justice, in which he threatened the judge with vengeance—to strengthen said suspicion, it has since been ascertained, that a stranger was lurking about Denton, during the court, with a pair of pistols and a gun, who frequently enquired of the servants when the judge would go home. The citizens of Delaware would do justice to society to be vigilant in hunting out such a character. Great credit is due the citizens near where he dwelt, for their alacrity in pursuing the perpetrator, which we hope may be crowned with success in bringing to condign punishment so hardened a villain.

A number of workmen, at Sheffield, lately had a public dinner, at which they had a plum-pudding brought to the table on a hand barrow. It weighed sixty-four pounds and was five feet in circumference. In America, this would have been called a *Mammoth Pudding*.

*London paper.*  
A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of a well cut ham, and the leg of a goose. "Pray sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must consider it is the only leg which is left."

JHW LLIS Y.

At no. 4 Park, 2 doors from Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his customers, that he has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold doi bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufacture to be equal to any.

October 24 975--tf

## NOVELS, &c.

TO SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
Revolutionary Plutarch, or Secret Memoirs of the Bonaparte Family—Charnock's Life of Nelson—Bloomfield's Wild Flowers—Eliza, by Maria Regina Roche—Henry de Beauvais—Fleetwood—Amelia Mansfield—Clermont—Emeline, the Orphan of the Castle—Cecilia—I alias—Don Raphael—Delaval—Yeast of Lansdowne—What has been—Cat's Northern Summer—Beggar Girl—English Nun—Spirit of the Public Journals—Abbess—Theodore Cypher—Tale of the Times—Evelina—Sacred Dramas, for children, &c. &c.

## EMBROIDERING CH NELLES,

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for  
sale at No. 104 Maiden lane, oct. 17 974--tf

## COURT OF MARRIAGE.

'Tis Hymen lights the torch of love,  
And beams benignant as the sun;  
The daw, the rook, and gentle dove,  
Are never content till two are one.

## MARRIED.

On the 21st October, by the Rev. Dr. Abel, Mr. Samuel D. Southmay, to Miss Ellen B. Dalton.

On the 29th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Lyle, Mrs. John Hibberd to Mrs. Hannah Buckley, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Thomas Walden, merchant, to Miss Esther Franklin, eldest daughter of Abraham Franklin.

On Thursday evening by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Samuel Norworthy, merchant, to Miss Frances A. Skidmore, daughter of L. Skidmore.

## MORTALITY.

NATURE reclaims her gifts, indulgent gifts,  
Transports them far above all transient ill;  
Spotless restores them to the arms of Heaven,  
Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

## DIED.

On the 31st of October, Mr. Lancaster Burling, an old inhabitant of this city, in the 71st year of his age, formerly of Flushing L. I.

At Boston, Mr. Samuel Hall, printer, aged 67.

At Charleston, a few days previous to the 21st ult. Mrs. Ann Peyton, wife of Richard H. Peyton, Esq. Mr. Thomas H. Hatton, comedian, formerly of the Haymarket, London, and late of the Charleston theatre; Mr. David Huskin, a native of Hartford, Conn. Mr. John Davis, a native of Bloomingburg, state of New York.

## A CHARACTER.

Old Gripus is revived again,  
And close severer, that is plain.  
"Dam me, (he says) get wealth my boy,  
This is the source of real joy.  
Get wealth my lad, and if you can  
Obtain it, like an honest man,  
But should stale honor be at gate  
'Twixt you and wealth, why pull it down—  
And though you're laughed at by the town,  
Dam me get wealth at any rate."

## PRIZE POETRY.

Some years ago, a Mr. Dickson, who was Prevost of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, as follows:

1st. *Here lies Dickson, Prevost of Dundee;*

2d. *Here lies Dickson—here lies he*

The third was embarrassed for some time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled,

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

## CHRISTMAS PIECES.

An elegant assortment of plain and coloured Christmas Pieces, for sale at this office by the dozen or single one.

## CARDS HANDBILLS,

## POSTING BILLS, &c.

Done at this Office at the Shortest Notice, and on the most Reasonable Terms.

## DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
Which nothing will discharge without destroying  
the Linen, for sale at this office.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### APPROACH OF WINTER.

In woods no more the feather'd throng  
Pour native music on the gale;  
And heard you the sweet harvest song?  
Its last notes still sound in the vale.

Where are the walks that blush'd with flowers?  
And where the western breeze that breath'd  
Its pilfer'd sweets to scent the bowers  
With peace and calm contentment wreath'd?

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,  
And desolation sweeps the ground,  
Come, Winter! teach me how to draw  
A moral from the ruins round.

The sober thought, to virtue dear,  
Thy dreary walks shall furnish still;  
Still sweetly, on thy pensive ear,  
Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon desolated grove,  
Where many a faded flow'ret lies,  
At evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,  
Regardless of the frowning skies.

And oft I'll to the lonely cell,  
Or to the russet heath repair,  
To hear the distant village bell  
Sweet vibrate on the expanse of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blast,  
The demon of destruction fly,  
May then some push-light, o'er the waste,  
With friendly beam direct the eye.

Adieu! ye glittering scenes, adieu!  
That stole my heart from peace and truth!  
That promis'd pleasure, while you threw  
Illusive splendor o'er my youth!

Time, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,  
Proclaims, as through its wastes we range,  
That all our joy is absent woe,  
And all our life progressive change.

### THE NEWS-PAPER.

An engine of good and of evil,  
Of falsehood and truth in its turn;  
Conducted always by the Devil,\*  
Whose lashes make sinful folk mourn.

A mirror of folly and fashion,  
A mart of wit, bon mot and joke;  
The foe of Crim. Con's guilty passion,  
But friendly to fair Hymen's yoke.

The comfort and guide of the trader,  
In dealing at home or abroad;  
The dread of the boasting invader,  
The brand by which traitors are aw'd!

Bright Liberty's rock of reliance,  
When tempest her residence threat—  
The fast'ner of art and of science,  
Of every thing virtuous or great!

\* The Printer's Devil.

### TRUE RICHES.

Iava, though want'g gold and lands,  
Lives cheerful, easy, and content;  
Corvus, unbless'd with twenty hands  
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of Lombard! tell me which  
Of these you think possesses more?  
One, with his poverty is rich—  
And one, with all his wealth is poor.

## MORALIST.

—OOO—

From the Mohawk Advertiser.

### INDOLENCE.

IT is a maxim, equally well established, as old, that "Idleness is the root of all evil." We need not ransack the volumes of antiquity—we need not paint to our view figures from which to draw conclusions—we need not enter the extended field of imagination and contemplate distant objects. At ancient times we only glance, being persuaded that the age in which we live provides the most suitable objects, and irresistably forces matter for our subject. Those rocks upon which the welfare of society has been founded are not concealed at this period. It requires the same circumspection in the young adventurer to guard his back avoid the numerous ruinous wrecks that surround them stand as beacons to warn the wandering traveller, and to direct him to the seat of virtue and renown.

From idleness, that impure fountain, flow streams which embitter the cup of human felicity. Travel for a moment into the midnight and secluded haunt—see the son of pleasure wasting his precious moments o'er the intoxicating bowl, and the daughter of sloth an outcast from society, whose cheek, which once flushed with health, is pale and withering. Those limbs, founded in the mould which wisdom made, are now towering amid poignant sufferings. Ask the inhabitants of this doleful mansion the cause of their sufferings? They will tell you the fountain from which these originate was idleness. That a continual habit of inactivity led to the commission of crimes at which the unconvinced man would tremble, and the unhardened sinner recoil; and are these thy sons and daughters? O idleness! though thy courts resound with the voice of pleasure, though apparently thy votaries quaff the joys of earth; yet the cup which docts thy table is filled with destruction. Enter again the courts of justice; who are convulsed at the witness' voice, and the judge's frown? Who receive the sentence of confinement, or death? Who are convicted of wielding the assassin's dagger, and engaging in midnight riot? Those whose companions have been the votaries of vice, whose employment were craft and deceit, and whose end will be death of indescribable torture. Such is the destiny of that youth whose profession is that of his indolent predecessors; while the life of the virtuous will be a life of honour, and their death the conductor to future felicity.

VIRTUS.

### ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808,

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinson's Almanacs

for 1808

by the groce dozen or single one.

### INDIA GOODS.

MRS. TODD has for sale at no. 92 Liberty street an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of India muslin, Gown patterns complete Cloaks, veils, Habit Shirts Striped and checked Dorecahs Remarkable fine plain Dacca and Naysook Muslin Striped and checked Seersuckers new handsome Bagllopes of different kinds [gues Handsome Kid shoes and slippers, and various other articles Also, Fresh Imperial and Hyson Tea of the first quality.

Oct 10

### INK POWDER

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK POWDER, For sale at this Office.

### BROADS

### CHEAP EUROPEAN CARPET STORE,

No. 46 MAIDEN-LANE,

Has received by the latest arrivals from London, Liverpool, and Greenock, and now opening and for sale, an extensive assortment of Brussels Carpets and Carpeting; Venitian, English, and Scotch ingrained of various qualities; Hall and Stair Carpeting, both ingrained & common.—The above goods are handsome patterns, different from any offered before at this market, being laid in very low, will enable him to sell them from 1 to 5s per yard lower than can be purchased in this city. The public will be well accommodated as to quantity and quality.—Also, an elegant assortment of Hearth Mugs, from three to fifty dollars.

N. B. Also makes the following articles, and warrants them of a superior quality: Feather Beds, Bedsteads and Pillows of all sizes; hair, wool, moss, tow, whalebone, and cattail mattresses; White Cotton Counterpanes; a great variety of Fringes, Bed Lace Curtains, Bedstead, Chairs and Sofas; and a large assortment of Rose, Witney, Bath and Superfine Blankets. Vessels furnished with curtains, mattresses, &c. at the shortest notice. An extensive stock selling off at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. Bed and Window Curtains made in the most modern style.—All orders received with thankfulness, and due attention paid. 10,000 wt. of Wool, suitable for upholsterers and saddlers.

At a handsome assortment of Paper Hangings. October 24.

975—sf.

### THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan

N. B. Family residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

### THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Dancing andof the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses. sep 19

IGNACE C. FRAISIER.

### CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN,  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

### F I L E S OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

For some years back

Neatly bound—For sale at this Office.

### LINEN RAGS.

An extra price will be given for clean Linen Rags for surgeon's use. Apply at 313 Pearl street. sep 12

### NEW YORK:

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum;  
TO BE PAID HALF IN ADVANCE.